

Wichita Daily Eagle

EXPOSITION NOTES.

An enormous cable made of three-inch diameter iron has been received for the United States naval exhibit.

The North Dakota legislature has appropriated the sum of \$70,000 for the purpose of completing the state building and the state exhibit.

The municipality of Boston has consented to lend the great Lenbach's masterpiece, the portrait of Prof. Virchow, to the Chicago exposition, where it will be placed in the pavilion of pathology.

The Italian government will send its fine art exhibit in the man of war Eridano. The ship is now at Venice and will visit other Italian ports to gather the Italian exhibits and carry them to New York.

Several models of famous vessels have arrived at the government building, including a miniature of the Albatross, which made the famous arctic voyage, and a miniature of the steamship Fish Hawk.

A collection of South American exhibits has arrived at the transportation building. The collection includes a native mule and a llama, both of which were finely mounted by Prof. B. Howell, of Washington, D. C. A life-size plaster cast of a South American woman is also in the display.

These promises to be at the world's fair a trotting steer. The name of the animal is Brader and it comes from the ranges of western Canada. For an animal with a bifurcated hoof it is said to have a remarkable trotting record, and its owner wishes to show what a freak steer can do in the trotting ring.

Arrangements have been made in London to transport to Chicago, for use at the world's fair, seven English coaches and sixty horses, together with professional drivers and guards. These coaches will carry eligible and elect passengers from the heart of the city to the exhibition grounds and back for the modest charge of fifteen dollars, the box seat being five dollars more.

From the Waterfront Arsenal gun-shops at West Troy, N. Y., will be sent for exhibition six guns of different calibers and sizes. They will include a twelve-inch gun, a ten-inch gun, a seven-inch howitzer, a five-inch siege rifle, a 3.8-inch rifle and a 3.6-inch mortar. The largest and the smallest gun will be mounted alongside of each other. The largest is thirty-seven feet long and weighs fifty-two tons and the smallest is two feet long and weighs 224 pounds.

A UNIQUE BUILDING.

New Jersey to reproduce Washington's Morristown Headquarters.

New Jersey will have one of the most unique world's fair state departments at Jackson park. The state board will reproduce in part Washington's headquarters in Morristown during the winter of 1879-80. The New Jersey building will not be a facsimile of this historical structure, but its main features have been chiefly modeled after it by Architect Charles A. Gifford, of Newark. In adopting a historical building for its design New Jersey has followed in the wake of Massachusetts and Pennsylvania, of which the one



NEW JERSEY BUILDING AT THE WORLD'S FAIR.

will have the old John Hancock residence and the other a reproduction of Independence hall at Philadelphia. New Jersey people think they have done a patriotic thing in selecting Washington's headquarters. They say that it was there that Alexander Hamilton lived during the long winter of 1779, and that there he met the lady whom he afterwards married. In addition, celebrated men, including Green, Knox, Lafayette, Steuben, Kosciuszko, Schuyler, "Light Horse" Harry Lee, Israel Putnam, "Mad Anthony" Wayne, and Benedict Arnold, have all been beneath its roof.

Russia's World's Fair Fleet. The emperor of Russia has decided to dispatch a large squadron of warships to the United States to take part in the naval display which is to be arranged in Hampton Roads to celebrate the opening of the Chicago exposition. This squadron will call at Cherbourg or Brest as a compliment to the French government, and the ships are also to visit the duke of Edinburgh at Devonport. The squadron will be really commanded by Admiral Karamoff, but it is to be nominally under the command of Grand Duke Alexis, lord high admiral of Russia; and among the officers will be Grand Duke Alexander Michaelovitch, who is betrothed to Grand Duchess Xenia, elder daughter of the czar.

A Unique Exhibit.

An interesting foreign exhibit at the world's fair will be a model of the island of St. Thomas, Danish West Indies. It is about eight feet by four, built to a scale of six inches to the mile, painted in natural colors, showing the roads, country houses, ships and steamers in the harbor and the pretty town of Charlotte Amalie, with its two old legendary towers of Blackbeard and Bluebeard. It will be set into a table enameled in black, edged with gold, with terra cotta paintings of various spots of interest on the island, the whole being covered with plate glass.

Pern Will Not Exhibit.

The supreme court of Peru has decided that the appropriation providing for the expense of an exhibit at Chicago was illegally made. This will make a Peruvian exhibit at the world's fair impossible.

She Feared Them On.

She-What a disgusting, cowardly thing an anonymous letter is! I tell you, if I ever get one I don't keep it long!

He-You burn it at once!

She-No, I send it off immediately to some friend that I hate.—Harper's Weekly.

THE WOMAN OF FASHION.

Variety and Freedom in the Mode of To-Day.

What One Group of Women Looked Like—The New Bonnet—Toilettes for Lenten Wear—The Latest Culture—Fashion of the Day.

(Copyright, 1893.)

Certainly the New York woman grows more independent daily. The fact never before impressed me so deeply as it did yesterday when I stood in the midst of a large number of my sex, all crowded into the parlors of a club that had opened its doors to them that afternoon. They were well-dressed women for the most part—rarely had I seen so many pretty gowns together—and yet every woman had asserted her independence.

There was merely a suspicion of the hoop skirt, and there was but little empire. One saw a commingling of all the Louis, the 1890 and the empire that was a little confusing and withal very pleasing. Great puffed sleeves frowned down on hopelessly drooping ones; great flares of skirts half encircled shrinking, clinging ones; big hats lovingly drooped over "loves" of tiny bonnets, and thick feather boas greeted fluttering ribbons in tender fashion. It was a very pretty cluster of color that stood in one crowded corner, and I sat myself down in a great chair, brought forth my implements, and proceeded to note



PRETTY TOILETS.

the dresses in the group, while a small woman hovered near, regarding my proceedings with a timid, yet admiring air, and with frequent interpolations on how lovely it must be to write.

There were exactly three grays in that group, each a very pale, soft gray. One was made with gray bengaline, one had a very pretty silk V at the back, and the third, outlined with a rich pearl trimming and fringe. The third had a black velvet ruffle on the skirt, a black velvet crush belt, black velvet sleeves; a bengaline yoke, over which were crossbars of fine jet, joining collar and high belt.

Next to the first pearl maiden a woman stood clad in black velvet, plainly made, with a rich brocade yoke of white at the neck. Then a costume of old rose bengaline had a great deal of wide guipure de gene at the neck, and sleeves of striped silk that looked as if they had got there by mistake, for they didn't resemble the gown a bit. The color was a sort of faded gold, and the stripe running through was black. Then came a beautiful spring costume of pale blue material, closely corded in black and with blue silk sleeves. Its owner wore a pale blue hat with black velvet and blue plumes and possessed a remarkably pretty complexion.

There was also a most brilliant damsel in a fawn dress, whose skirt had three bands of bright green velvet at its foot; bright green sleeves and bodice made very striking effect, which was slightly softened, however, by gauze.



SPRING MILLINERY.

epaulets of very pale green, run through at the edge with fine green ribbon. A full velvet band carried down over the hips into a puff at the back also helped to soften the almost startling effect. So many gowns have these pretty effects at the waist line, or slightly below it. They look like a big puff, loop or bow. Of course, they are prettier in velvet, though effective in silk also. It has come to be almost a duty to gracefully conceal the joining of bodice and skirt in the costume of to-day. We dare not allow anyone to discover that there is such a thing as a juncture, unless we wear the tailor-made gown.

We must carefully conceal every suggestion of separation at this point, and make it appear as if the dress had grown naturally and gracefully upon us, as if no contaminating touch of dressmaker had ever been laid upon it. It must represent the culmination of a purpose, the realization of a dream, or be the personification of a fancy, else it has no attraction for the average woman, or man, either, for that matter.

Thus we see so much of the belt, the bodice, the short jacket, the full fold—they all help to produce the desired result.

Last in this group of fair women came the girl with the plaid silk—such an immense plaid with such vivid coloring that it almost took one's breath away. It was made very prettily, though, particularly at the back, where three plaits, running toward the middle at each side, were drawn together below the waist under a loose gold belt.

Before we leave the absorbing topic of dress to take up the still more absorbing one of bonnet, let me remind you that all the dresses you order now must be of simple, unpretentious character, because, for one reason, it is Lent, and for another, it is not well to trust capricious Dame Fashion to any extent just at this juncture. She is ready at present for almost anything, and we do not want to provoke her to sudden and disastrous changes. Therefore, for a neat house gown, try this simple one of the Louis Philippe, made from a combination suiting, plain material and border, skirt slightly full, bordered with plain bands above the embroidered border; the waist is fitted together tightly into a close-fitting belt of material to match the skirt's band. A yoke of embroidery is put in, and where it joins the bodice proper two folds of the same material as the belt are laid; they continue around the shoulders, even to the back of the dress, where they finish in a point. At the front the plaits are drawn into a point by a big buckle.

But I know you are more interested in the bonnets. All women are. It

O, ONCE YOU WERE A BABY.

O, once you were a baby. O, yes, indeed, you were. Your face was round and rosy, your skin as soft as silk. Your mouth it was a rosy bud, only made to kiss. Your eyes were Heaven's windows that shone with rays of bliss.

O, when you were a baby your breath was perfume sweet. Your tiny hands had dimples, so did your pink, wee feet. Your beauty was angelic, your hair was fluffy gold. And everybody loved you and wanted you to hold.

You used to cry for mamma. O, yes, indeed, you did. And when she took her darling against her breast you did. And while your tears wet glistened you cooed and cooed and smiled. As her heart warm caresses and tender words beguiled.

O, yes, when mamma rocked you with lullabies to sleep. Your loving eyes half opened and at her softly cooed. And then they'd close so happy without a speck of tear. You knew that naught could harm you when mamma was so near.

O, when you were a baby you in your high chair sat. A snowy bib tucked under your dimpled chin so fat. You pouted with your rattle and kicked your chubby feet. And everybody thought you just sweet enough to eat.

Yes, when you were a baby you were an angel true. And all became your subjects and homage paid to you. The home it was your kingdom, you ruled it right and day—No matter what might happen you had to have your way.

Yes, when a cunning baby you bit your rubber ring. Until a tiny "tootle" came gently as the spring. And isn't it a wonder—and wasn't mamma proud. To show the pearly treasure to the admiring crowd.

O, when you were a baby you in your cradle lay. While mother kneeling by you would pour your welfare pray. And angels watching o'er you would whisper to their child. Who, while it softly slumbered, in answer sweetly smiled.

O, don't you wish some magic would change you back to that innocent wee baby upon its mother's knee. Beloved by all and petted and guarded day and night. Without a care or sorrow and with a future bright!

—H. C. Dodge, in Goodall's Sun.



OTHER died some time last May. There wasn't anyone I belonged to then, so I had to 'hustle' for myself, like lots of newspaper chaps have to. I hadn't a regular place to sleep, but it comin' on summer I didn't care so much, 'cepting, of course, when it rained. Then a fellow can generally find cover somewhere, if it isn't so nice.

But this night I'm going to tell of was pleasant and warm. The "coop" didn't drive me off my private settee in Central park till high one in the morning. Guess he overslept himself.

When I'm roused up that way I generally make Morrison's, way down town, my headquarters. It's a high-toned place, so it's cheaper for me to stop outside. But there's the light from the windows, and every time the big doors swing open a fellow can see just for a minute, eating and drinking going on, and, if he imagines a good deal, why, it's almost as good as being inside.

Three swell-looking chaps were standing outside when I got there. Not for the same reason I was, though. They'd been to the theater or somewhere else, and as I heard one of 'em say, it was too early in the evening to think of going to bed.

It was Jack Meagher said that. Handsome Jack they used to call him in our ward, where he was raised. All us fellows knew Handsome Jack by sight. Though you'd never think he came from any such low down place as Water street to look at his swell rig and hear him talk.

But they say he's one of them kind that catches on easy to real gentlemen's ways. And he's great on faro and poker, so of course he's hand and glove with chaps that's trying to see life through a club winder.

Now, though it's me says it, I've a bit of a voice of my own, wherever I got it. For a spell I was a choir boy at St. Michael's while a white surplice and all that sort of thing. But the others chaffed me about not having any shirt, so I left.

So sometimes when I was stuck on papers or extra hard up, I used to sing for rickels front of Morrison's just about this time of night—the "catchy" songs that happens to be going, such as we chaps pick up on the street.

So when Handsome Jack sees me, he calls out: "Hello," he says, "here's Joe, the boy that sings." And nothing to do but the three of 'em must take me inside for a song.

There was another one of the party I knowed by sight. He used to buy papers of me regular, one time. I heard 'em say his folks left him a pile of money, and he was a gettin' through it as fast as Handsome Jack, and such as he, could help him. But I ain't givin' no one away in this story. I'm not one of that sort. I ain't a New York reporter. So this man was Smith, and it was Smith that set me down to one of the little tables with a plate of sandwiches.

After we once got inside Smith didn't seem to have much to say to the others, or to anybody else, for that matter. He stood leaning up against the bar counter with a cigar in his mouth, but I see he'd forgot to light it. Some of the young fellows he knew joked him a bit but he didn't seem to notice it much. And I kind of wondered what ailed him—good looking, plenty of money, and all the rest of it.

Handsome Jack, with a friend of his, sat down to the table nigh mine, with the drinks between 'em. I've got a pair of sharp ears of my own, and I

"Smith's about squeezed dry, eh, Jack?"

"Yes, poor fool," Jack says, as easy as you please. "Nothing more to be got from him. If he wants to borrow anything just give him the cold shake. That's what I shall do. A fellow's got to look out for number one in this world."

The man with Jack nodded. And I remember thinking what a healthy lot of friends Smith's money had brought him.

Well, after I got through I stood up like a man to pay for what I'd had—in my way. I sung 'em two or three of the things that was popular then, but somehow they didn't seem to take. "Can't you give us something different from those stale chestnuts?" some one says, and I pulled up short. I was going to leave them then and there, but Smith it was who stopped me.

"Never mind 'em, Joe," he says, kind of low like, "can't you think of something different—something none of us have heard?"

Whatever made me do it I don't know to this day. It was what they used to sing at St. Michael's. Just one verse was all I could remember then: I was not always true, nor prayed that Thou Shouldst lead me on; I loved to choose and see my path. But now I loved the garish day, and, spite of tears, I ruled my heart. Remember not past years.

Of course I haven't got learning, 'cept such kind as a fellow picks up in the street. And I never used to sense the meaning of the church music, like I did the tunes. And when I got through I wondered what made it so still in the room for a minute.

Smith was the first one spoke. Not spoke exactly, for it was a kind of a groan. Then he pulled his hat over his eyes and went out.

"Guess you needn't go on, Joe," says Handsome Jack, looking up; "you've drove one man off already."

"Too rich for Smith's blood," another one laughed, and so they were going on, when a young fellow, who hadn't spoke before, put in his word.

"Let up," he says, kind of serious like, "don't kick the man now he's down. The girl Smith was engaged to used to be leading soprano at St. John's, and people came from far and near to hear her sing that as a solo. It kind of upset him hearing it, I suppose."

Well, some laughed and some sneered, but I didn't want to hear what else was said. A fellow shored a quarter in my hand and I slid out. Smith was standing under the electric light on the corner, with his hat in his eyes and his hat over his eyes as I was going past. He caught me by the shoulder—not rough, though, and twisted me round.

"Joe," he says, sudden like, "if I had some of the money I've thrown away you should have a new suit of clothes from top to toe."

For my duds was just awful, and that's just the fact. Rags and patches, only the rags was worst. And before I knewed what he was doing he was down on his knees, and, after fumbling about his vest a bit, pinned up the biggest tear of all, so the bare skin didn't show ripped so bad in where my trousers was ripped from the knee up.

Course I didn't think nothing much of it more than it was kind of a freak took him, till next morning. And if you'll believe me, Smith had took a pin—opit, not with little dimmies—outer his necktie for to pin up my rags with.

I didn't know what to do the first of it, not having any idea where to look for Smith. And not movin' in what you might call the highest circles, my



quaintances mostly wasn't them I'd care to ask advice of regardin' jewelry. But there's a young lady lives up nigh Washington square that was awful good to mother whilst she was sick. She belongs to a "guild," I think they call it, and teaches in a mission school down in our ward, where I used to drift in sometimes of a Sunday. I took the pin to her and told her the whole story.

She turned whiter'n one of the marble statues in her parlor when she see the pin. But she never spoke for a minute.

"You did quite right to bring me this, Joe," she said, after a bit. "Mr. Smith is—a friend of mine, and I will see it returned to him. If, as you heard, he has lost all his money—"

And then she stopped and walked to the window. She stood there lookin' out at nothin' ever so long. Then she gave me a dollar and I left. And it was three or four months 'fore I ever heard or see anything of Smith again.

But meanwhile Miss—the young lady I'm speaking of—Miss Lawrence, I'll call her—got me a steady job carrying out papers for a newsdealer she knewed. An' Wednesdays and Fridays she paid me for blowin' the little organ to the mission chapel I was tellin' of.

I was late that day, and when I got to the mission little Mike Dwyer was blowin' in my place. There wasn't a soul there to hear, but Miss Lawrence was kind of playin' all to herself, so I sot myself down for a bit to listen.

Some one came shufflin' in and sot down near the door. When I looked round, he'd dropped his arms on the top of the settee for'ard of him and laid his face down on 'em.

"Drunk, likely enough," I said to myself—for lots of that kind drift into the mission—it being sort of in the slums, as you may say. But it's folks of that kind the mission is trying to get hold of. And this man, so far as I could make out by his seedy rig, seemed to be something in that kind of business.

Whilst I was in the choir boy line, I heard some pretty good singing as a matter of course. But talk about your soprano—Miss Lawrence just went ahead of anything.

Cripps, wasn't it that she should

all at once have struck in on "Look, Kindly Light!"

So long they power both black and white will lead me on.

O'er me and ten, o'er me and ten, till the night is gone.

And with the moon's light from outside which I have loved long and lost awhile. She and the organ stopped all at once. It was still as death in the vestry, and I heard her give kind of a sob.

"Great heaven!" says the man behind me. And I looked round again to shake my head at him. But you might have knocked me out with a feather duster in one round. It was Smith—but his own mother, if she'd been alive, never'd knowed him. Pale and



peaked, with a shiny coat and trousers fringed at the bottom—well, he didn't look much like the Smith I see at Morrison's, you bet.

All the same, I knowed him; and went for him like a shot, for he was making a break for the door.

"Mr. Smith—Mr. Smith!" I sung out. "Stop! I want to tell you about your scarf pin. Miss Lawrence has got it, and—"

"Arthur!" It wasn't only a word, but it turned me round like a top. There stood Miss Lawrence staring at Mr. Smith.

"Arthur," she says again, and sank down on to the settee like she was faint. He never said a word. He put his hands over his face, went square down on his knees in front of her, and dropped his head in her lap.

I ain't none too bright about things like that, but I've read love stories in the papers before now, and I see that wasn't no place for me; so I lit out soon's I got my wits about me, and left 'em to fix things up their own way before anyone come in.

Was they married finally? Well, I should say so. And I always called it a hand in it, too. For, don't you see, the opit pin was one Miss Lawrence had given him for a birthday present ever so long before—that's how she knowed it so quick.

An' that's all—W. S. Lawrence, in Munsey's Magazine.

QUITE PREPARED.

The Chemistry Professor's Little Joke on His Weary Students.

The professor of chemistry in a certain eastern college was devoted to his particular branch of science, as he ought to be, and he had, moreover, which is a delightful possession to any man, however lowly or eminent, a sense of humor.

Once a week it was the professor's custom to deliver a lecture on some subject of general interest connected with chemistry. Silliman's text-book was used for the daily lessons. Just before the class came to the chapter on strychnine, the professor took "Antidotes" for the subject of his weekly lecture.

His absorption in the subject was great, and his lecture was very long. He mentioned and tested every antidote for poison which had at that time been discovered. The students at last grew weary and manifested their wish to be dismissed in one of the ways which are well known in recitation rooms.

The professor was rather startled at the reminder, brought his lecture to a hasty close, and said: "That will do." One of the class reminded him that he had given out no lesson for the next day.

"Ah," he said, dreamily, as he took up the book, "yes—let me see. Well, well, boys, you may as well take strychnine to-morrow."

"Strychnine?" ejaculated one of the boys.

"Oh, yes," responded the professor, with a quizzical smile. "If you have duly appreciated the lecture you have just heard, strychnine can't hurt you. You are quite prepared for it."

YOUTH'S COMPANION.

—Employer—"So you want a fortnight's salary in advance. But suppose you should die to-morrow?" Clerk (proudly)—"Sir, I may be poor, but I am a gentleman!"—Flegende Blaetter.

—Comrade—"Watts—'Who was that man you spoke to a moment since?" Luskforth—"He was one of my college classmates."—Indianapolis Journal.

EVERYTHING CAME HIS WAY.

An Implication of Age.—Mrs. Bringers (fat and fifty)—That Miss Oldish hasn't any manners! Mrs. Gaines—Why, what's she done? Mrs. Bringers—She insisted on getting up and offering me her seat in a cable car yesterday. The hateful thing!—Chicago News Record.

A Man's Feeling.—When evergreens are new, all men agree to pay the white-brown of them every day. Next year, the wealthy farmer and his wife receive a money-watching once a week. Breaking them once a month, the third year, must be the best arrangement.

And the fourth year, in their decline and fall, when nothing more, they're never brushed at all!—John Lottin, in Post.

SURVIVORS OF BALAKLAVA.

Twenty-five of the Veterans Gathered at a Banquet in London.

The survivors of the immortal charge "in the valley of death" thirty-eight years ago sat down together the other afternoon, a small company of grizzled, hemedaled veterans, to a banquet in the banquet room of St. James' hall, says a London paper of recent date. In the chair was Sergt. Herbert of the Fourth Light dragoons, while Lieut. Wightman of the seventeenth lancers occupied the vice chair. The committee by whom the banquet was organized searched the United Kingdom for survivors, and the result was the appearance of twenty-seven men only. As they met hearty grins were given, and the old familiar names called out—"Jimmy," "Pete," "Harry," "Bill," answered to the old call, and as hands were wrung one gray-haired veteran would say to another: "Good old chum, we managed to wriggle together for many a year."

The medals which were won spoke of service in India during the mutiny, as well as in the Crimea, and through the veterans, with one exception, were plain clothes, on every breast the medals were conspicuously displayed. There were over thirty guests present, noncommissioned officers in the old regiments, so that the old and the new life mingled together and comradeship was cemented in good out-brown ale.

Of those present in the charge there were nine of the Eleventh Hussars, nine of the Seventeenth Lancers, eight of the Fourth Light dragoons, one of the Scots Greys and two of the Eighth Royal Irish Hussars. The oldest survivor who wore his uniform, and probably the finest man in the company, was Sergt. Fawkes, who stood six feet in height and measured forty-four inches around the chest. He was twenty-two years of age when he rode with the Scots Greys in the famous charge immortalized by the dead hero.

There is not a white hair to be seen in his closely cut black crop, his cheeks are clean shaven, and his black moustache is pointed a la militaire. This man of sixty not only stands erect and firm upon his legs, but enjoys in his strength, and in proof thereof he cut bars of lead through with one sweep of his sword, and played with a forty-pound club in a way to astonish every one.

The gallant sergeant wears upon his breast the Crimean medal, with three clasps for Balaklava, Inkerman and Sevastopol, and also the Turkish medal, and his forehead and cheeks show now the marks of sword cut and bullet wounds. There were seven wounds in all received by Fawkes on the eventful day, three of which were on his legs. Sergt. Fawkes rode in the lord mayor's show last year and earned a livelihood as a teacher of physical exercises in colleges and schools.

A Hamilton Correspondent.

Dr. Fourthly—I believe my sermon on decency this morning sank deep into some hearts and did good.

Parishoner—Yes, as Foley and his wife went home he explained to people on the street car that his wife's hair and teeth were false.—Life.

Worse and Worse.

One of Them (who likes him)—I don't see why you think George is half-witted, I'm sure.

The Other (who doesn't like him)—I don't. He hasn't any wits at all.—Truth.

Children Cry for Pitcher's Castoria.

M. W. LEVY, Pres. A. W. OLIVER, V. Pres. STATEMENT

Of the Condition of the

Wichita National Bank

Made to the Comptroller of Currency at the Close of Business, Sept. 30th, 1892.

RESOURCES.

Loans and Discounts, \$609,032.59 Bonds and Stocks, 36,532.22 U. S. Bonds, 50,000.00 Real Estate, 65,900.00 Due from U. S.,